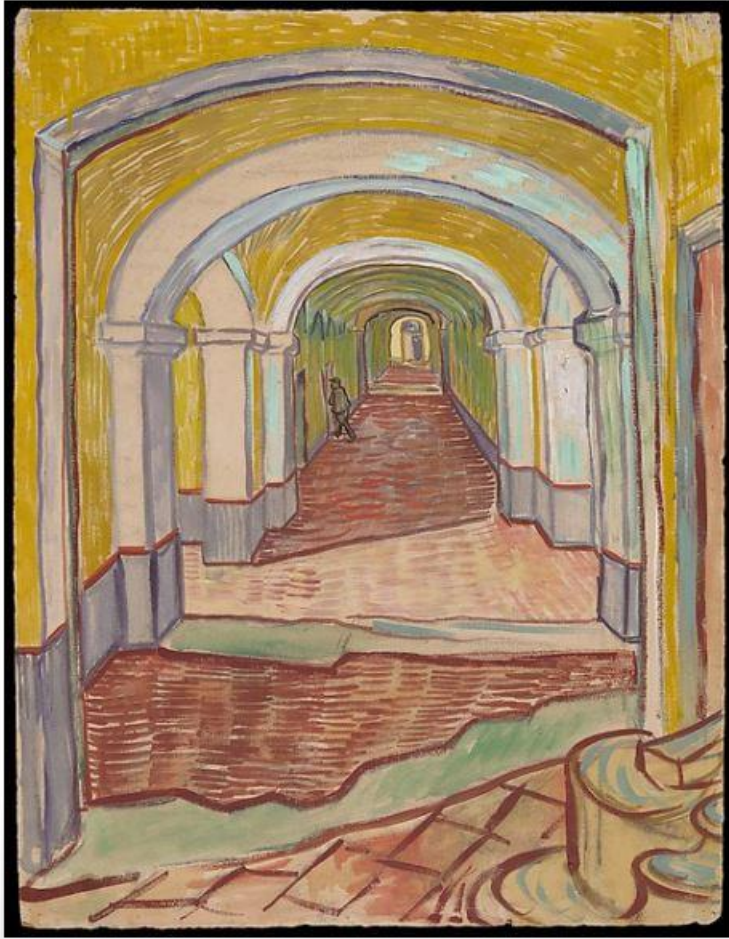


PD POETRY

OCTOBER 2017



"Corridor in the Asylum" by Vincent van Gogh (Dutch, Zundert 1853–1890 Auvers-sur-Oise) via The Metropolitan Museum of Art is licensed under CC0 1.0

MEASURE

by _E. R. DODDS_
(_UNIVERSITY_)

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Oxford Poetry, 1917*, by Various

I think we are made the prisoners of the sun,
Snared in the waxing and the waning passion,
 Lest life should grow intense
 To burn up sense
And lose life's fashion in the unfashioned One.

I believe the cool unlabouring dark is sent
Swift on the wildness of the day's mad ending
 Lest the delight of fire
 Consume desire
And in Love's spending Love itself be spent.

I believe the rain-soft autumn has its task
To curb the stretched importunate flame of summer,
 For fear too strong a fever
 Should quite disserve
The invisible murmur from the coloured mask.

This is the sun's wisdom: that change and rest
And change, the embodied world's recurrent measure,
 In check and counterpoise
 Contain all joys
Lest the one treasure perish, being possessed.



UNTITLED

from The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Poem Outlines*, by Sidney Lanier

When into reasonable discourse plain
Or russet terms of dealing and old use
I would recast the joy, the tender pain
Of the silver birch, the rhododendron, the brook,
Or, all blest particulars of beauty sum
In one most continent word that means something
To all men, to some men everything,

To one all, but one will cover with satisfaction,
That is love.
Yet I well know this tree is a selfish [saver]-up of drink
Might else have nourished these laurels:
Yea, and they did not hand round the cup
To the grass ere they drank,
Nor the grass inquire if room is here for her and the phlox.
Yet my spirit will have it that Love is the lost meaning
of this Hate, and Peace the end of this Battle.
Why? This is revelation. Here I find God: what
power less than His could fancy such wild inconsequence
and unreason as flies out of this anguish, and
Love out of this Murder.

[Lynn, N. C., August, 1881]



CANTHARA

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Al Que Quiere!*, by William Carlos Williams

The old black-man showed me
how he had been shocked
in his youth
by six women, dancing
a set-dance, stark naked below
the skirts raised round
their breasts:
 bellies flung forward
knees flying!
 --while
his gestures, against the
tiled wall of the dingy bath-room,
swished with ecstasy to
the familiar music of
 his old emotion.



OF TO-MORROW.

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Proverbial Philosophy*, by Martin F. Tupper

There is a floating island, forward on the stream of time,
Buoyant with fermenting air, and borne along the rapids;
And on that island is a siren, singing sweetly as she goeth,
Her eyes are bright with invitation, and allurements lurketh in her cheeks;
Many lovers, vainly pursuing, follow her beckoning finger,
Many lovers seek her still, even to the cataract of death.
To-morrow is that island, a vain and foolish heritage,
And, laughing with seductive lips, Delusion hideth there:
Often the precious present is wasted in visions of the future,
And coy To-morrow cometh not with prophecies fulfilled.

There is a fairy skiff, plying on the sea of life,
And charitably toiling still to save the shipwrecked crews;
Within, kindly patient, sitteth a gentle mariner,
Piloting, through surf and strait, the fragile barks of men:
How cheering is her voice, how skilfully she guideth,
How nobly leading onward yet, defying even death!
To-morrow is that skiff, a wise and welcome rescue,
And, full of gladdening words and looks, that mariner is Hope:
Often, the painful present is comforted by flattering the future,
And kind To-morrow beareth half the burdens of To-day.

To-morrow, whispereth weakness: and To-morrow findeth him the weaker;
To-morrow, promiseth conscience; and behold, no To-day for a fulfilment.
O name of happy omen unto youth, O bitter word of terror to the dotard,
Goal of folly's lazy wish, and sorrow's ever-coming friend;
Fraud's loophole,--caution's hint,--and trap to catch the honest,--
Thou wealth to many poor, disgrace to many noble,
Thou hope and fear, thou weal and woe, thou remedy, thou ruin,
How thickly swarms of thought are clustering round To-morrow!
The hive of memory increaseth, to every day its cell;
There is the labour stored, the honey or corruption;
Each morn the bees fly forth, to fill the growing comb,
And levy golden tribute of the uncomplaining flowers:
To-morrow is their care; they toil for rest to-morrow;
But man deferreth duty's task, and loveth ease to-day.

To-morrow, is that lamp upon the marsh, which a traveller never reacheth;
To-morrow, the rainbow's cup, coveted prize of ignorance;
To-morrow, the shifting anchorage, dangerous trust of mariners;
To-morrow, the wrecker's beacon, wily snare of the destroyer.
Reconcile convictions with delay, and To-morrow is a fatal lie;
Frighten resolutions into action, To-morrow is a wholesome truth:
I must, for I fear To-morrow; this is the Cassava's food;
Why should I? let me trust To-morrow,--this is the Cassava's poison.

Lo, it is the even of To-day,--a day so lately a To-morrow;
Where are those high resolves, those hopes of yesternight?
O faint fond heart, still shall thy whisper be, To-morrow,
And must the growing avalanche of sin roll down that easy slope?
Alas, it is ponderous, and moving on in might, that a Sisyphus may not
stop it;
But haste thee with the lever of a prayer, and stem its strength To-day:
For its race may speedily be run, and this poor hut, thyself,
Be whelmed in death and suffocating guilt, that dreary Alpine snow-wreath.

Pensioner of life, be wise, and heed a brother's counsel;
I also am a beadsman, with scrip and staff as thou:
Wouldest thou be bold against the past, and all its evil memories,
Wouldest thou be safe amid the present, its dangers and temptations,
Wouldest thou be hopeful of the future, vague though it be and endless?
Haste thee, repent, believe, obey! thou standest in the courage of a
legion.
Commend the Past to God, with all its irrevocable harm,
Humbly, but in cheerful trust, and banish vain regrets;
Come to Him, continually come, casting all the Present at His feet,
Boldly, but in prayerful love, and fling off selfish cares;
Commit the Future to His will, the viewless fated future;
Zealously go forward with integrity, and God will bless thy faith.
For that, feeble as thou art, there is with thee a mighty Conqueror,
Thy Friend, the same for ever, yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow;
That Friend, changeless as eternity, Himself shall make thee friends
Of those thy foes transformed, yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow.



SEA-SHORE FANCIES.

from The Internet Archive e-text of *The Poems Of George Arnold*,
Complete Edition.

O PLEASANT waters, rippling on the sand,
Green and pellucid as the beryl-stone,
With crested breakers heaving toward the land,

Chanting their ceaseless breezy monotone,
What snowy little feet at girlish play
Have ye not kissed on Newport's beach to-day ?

O waves, that foam around yon lonely rock.
Boding the distant storm with hoarser roar,
Has not some ship, beneath the tempest's shock,

Gone down, a piteous wreck, to rise no more ?
Lost in the mighty billows' wash and sway.
What gallant hearts have ye not stilled to-day ?

O dancing breakers, fresh from other seas
Whereon the lingering, loving sunshine smiles.
Your spray is fragrance, on the fragrant breeze,

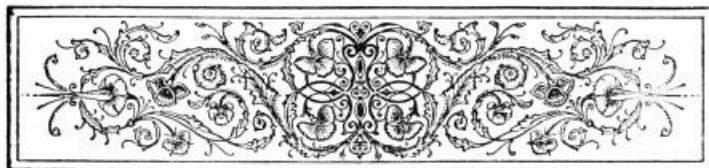
Borne from the spice-groves of those palmy isles
Where dusky maids make merriment alway, —
Have ye not laved their perfect forms to-day ?

O tossing billows, come ye from afar
Where over ice-fields the aurora beams,
Dimming the radiance of the northern star

That through the lengthened night of winter gleams
Upon the toppling icebergs, grim and gray, —
Have ye not lashed their frozen sides to-day ?

O sea of life, whose waters heave and roll,
Ye lave sad wrecks and joyous youthful forms :
Ye bring sweet fragrance to the weary soul.

And chill it with the breath of icy storms :
Here on the shore we smile and weep and pray, —
O waves, cleanse all our sins from us to-day !



THE LOVE OF THE ROSE

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Some Verses*, by Helen Hay

Trilled forth the Nightingale
In sweetest sleep of day--
Unto his love, the rose,
Ah golden heart, uncloset
For love, my fairest rose, will last for aye.

So, thro' the waning night
She learned to wear her crown;
Yielded her heart's sweet strife
And found that love was life
Set to the time the dear bird lilted down.

But when the morning came
The red sun burned above;
Hid are the night birds all,
Flower petals fade and fall;
The rose is dead--and what became of love!



XXIX

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Love Poems*, by Émile Verhaeren

The lovely garden blossoming with flames that
seemed to us the double or the mirror of the
bright garden we carried in our hearts is
crystallized in frost and gold this evening.

A great white silence has descended and sits
yonder on the marble horizons, towards which
march the trees in files, with their blue,
immense and regular shadow beside them.

No puff of wind, no breath. Alone, the great
veils of cold spread from plain to plain over the
silver marshes or crossing roads.

The stars appear to live. The hoar-frost shines
like steel through the translucent, frozen air.

Bright powdered metals seem to snow down, in the
infinite distances, from the pallor of a copper
moon. Everything sparkles in the stillness.

And it is the divine hour when the mind is
haunted by the thousand glances that are cast
upon earth by kind and pure and unchangeable
eternity towards the hazards of human
wretchedness.



ODE TO THE ABYSS

Project Gutenberg's *The Star-Treader and other poems*, by Clark Ashton Smith

O many-gulfed, unalterable one,
Whose deep sustains
Far-drifting world and sun,
Thou wast ere ever star put out on thee;
And thou shalt be
When never world remains;
When all the suns' triumphant strength and pride
Is sunk in voidness absolute,
And their majestic music wide
In vaster silence rendered mute.
And though God's will were night to dusk the blue,
And law to cancel and disperse
The tangled tissues of the universe,
And mould the suns anew,
His might were impotent to conquer thee,
O invisible infinity!
Thy darks subdue
All light that treads thee down a space,
Exulting o'er thy deeps.
The cycles die, and lo! thy darkness reaps
The flame of mightiest stars;
In aeon-implicating wars
Thou tearest planets from their place;
Worlds granite-spined
To thine erodents yield
Their treasures centrally confined
In crypts by continental pillars sealed.
What suns and worlds have been thy prey

Through unhorizoned stretches of the Past!
What spheres that now essay
Time's undimensioned vast,
Shall plunge forgotten to thy gloom at length,
With life that cried its query of the Night
To ears with silence filled!
What worlds unborn shall dare thy strength,
Girt by a sun's unwearied might,
And dip to darkness when the sun is stilled!

O incontestable Abyss,
What light in thine embrace of darkness sleeps--
What blaze of a sidereal multitude
No peopled world is left to miss!
What motion is at rest within thy deeps--
What gyres of planets long become thy food--
Worlds unconstrainable,
That plunged therein to peace,
Like tempest-worn and crew-forsaken ships;
And suns that fell
To huge and ultimate eclipse,
And lasting gyre-release!
What sound thy gulfs of silence hold!
Stupendous thunder of the meeting stars,
And crash of orbits that diverged,
With Life's thin song are merged;
Thy quietudes enfold
Paean and threnody as one,
And battle-blare of unremembered wars
With festal songs
Sung in the Romes of ruined spheres,
And music that belongs
To younger, undiscoverable years
With words of yesterday.
Ah, who may stay
Thy soundless world-devouring tide?
O thou whose hands pluck out the light of stars,
Are worlds grown but as fruit for thee?
May no sufficient bars,
Nor marks inveterate abide
To baffle thy persistency?
Still and unstriving now,
What plottest thou,
Within thy universe-ulterior deeps,
Dark as the final lull of suns?
What new advancement of the night
On citadels of stars around whose might
Thy slow encroachment runs,
And crouching silence, thunder-potent, sleeps?



LXI

from PG's etext *The Black Riders and Other Lines*, by Stephen Crane

I

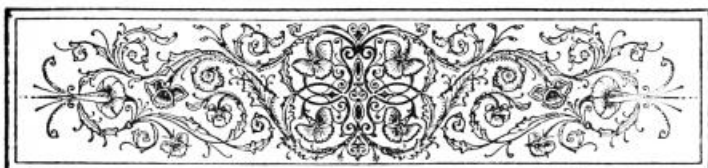
There was a man and a woman
Who sinned.
Then did the man heap the punishment
All upon the head of her,
And went away gayly.

II

There was a man and a woman
Who sinned.
And the man stood with her.
As upon her head, so upon his,
Fell blow and blow,
And all people screaming, "Fool!"
He was a brave heart.

III

He was a brave heart.
Would you speak with him, friend?
Well, he is dead,
And there went your opportunity.
Let it be your grief
That he is dead
And your opportunity gone;
For, in that, you were a coward.



L'ALLEGRO.

By John Milton

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *The Hundred Best English Poems*, by Various,

Hence, loathed Melancholy!
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy.
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In Heaven yclept Euphrosynè,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether, as some sager sing,
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-maying,
There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles--
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter, holding both his sides:
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew
To live with her and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,

And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And, to the stack or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering Morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest,
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide,
Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by a cottage-chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.
Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound,
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequered shade,

And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the live-long daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How faery Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinched and pulled, she said;
And he, by Friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down, the lubber-fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream,
On summer-eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning
The melting voice through mazes running
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head,
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear

Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydicè.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.



THE BASKET

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed*, by Amy Lowell

I

The inkstand is full of ink, and the paper lies white and unspotted,
in the round of light thrown by a candle. Puffs of darkness sweep into
the corners, and keep rolling through the room behind his chair. The air
is silver and pearl, for the night is liquid with moonlight.

See how the roof glitters, like ice!

Over there, a slice of yellow cuts into the silver-blue, and beside it stand
two geraniums, purple because the light is silver-blue, to-night.

See! She is coming, the young woman with the bright hair.
She swings a basket as she walks, which she places on the sill,
between the geranium stalks. He laughs, and crumples his paper
as he leans forward to look. "The Basket Filled with Moonlight",
what a title for a book!

The bellying clouds swing over the housetops.

He has forgotten the woman in the room with the geraniums. He is beating
his brain, and in his eardrums hammers his heavy pulse. She sits
on the window-sill, with the basket in her lap. And tap! She cracks a nut.
And tap! Another. Tap! Tap! Tap! The shells ricochet upon the roof,
and get into the gutters, and bounce over the edge and disappear.

"It is very queer," thinks Peter, "the basket was empty, I'm sure.
How could nuts appear from the atmosphere?"

The silver-blue moonlight makes the geraniums purple, and the roof glitters
like ice.

II

Five o'clock. The geraniums are very gay in their crimson array.
The bellying clouds swing over the housetops, and over the roofs goes Peter
to pay his morning's work with a holiday.

"Annette, it is I. Have you finished? Can I come?"

Peter jumps through the window.

"Dear, are you alone?"

"Look, Peter, the dome of the tabernacle is done. This gold thread
is so very high, I am glad it is morning, a starry sky would have
seen me bankrupt. Sit down, now tell me, is your story going well?"

The golden dome glittered in the orange of the setting sun. On the walls,
at intervals, hung altar-cloths and chasubles, and copes, and stoles,
and coffin palls. All stiff with rich embroidery, and stitched with
so much artistry, they seemed like spun and woven gems, or flower-buds
new-opened on their stems.

Annette looked at the geraniums, very red against the blue sky.

"No matter how I try, I cannot find any thread of such a red.
My bleeding hearts drip stuff muddy in comparison. Heigh-ho! See my little
pecking dove? I'm in love with my own temple. Only that halo's wrong.
The colour's too strong, or not strong enough. I don't know. My eyes
are tired. Oh, Peter, don't be so rough; it is valuable. I won't do
any more. I promise. You tyrannise, Dear, that's enough. Now sit down
and amuse me while I rest."

The shadows of the geraniums creep over the floor, and begin to climb
the opposite wall.

Peter watches her, fluid with fatigue, floating, and drifting,
and undulant in the orange glow. His senses flow towards her,
where she lies supine and dreaming. Seeming drowned in a golden halo.

The pungent smell of the geraniums is hard to bear.

He pushes against her knees, and brushes his lips across her languid hands.
His lips are hot and speechless. He woos her, quivering, and the room
is filled with shadows, for the sun has set. But she only understands
the ways of a needle through delicate stuffs, and the shock of one colour
on another. She does not see that this is the same, and querulously murmurs
his name.

"Peter, I don't want it. I am tired."

And he, the undesired, burns and is consumed.

There is a crescent moon on the rim of the sky.

III

"Go home, now, Peter. To-night is full moon. I must be alone."

"How soon the moon is full again! Annette, let me stay. Indeed, Dear Love, I shall not go away. My God, but you keep me starved! You write 'No Entrance Here', over all the doors. Is it not strange, my Dear, that loving, yet you deny me entrance everywhere. Would marriage strike you blind, or, hating bonds as you do, why should I be denied the rights of loving if I leave you free? You want the whole of me, you pick my brains to rest you, but you give me not one heart-beat. Oh, forgive me, Sweet! I suffer in my loving, and you know it. I cannot feed my life on being a poet. Let me stay."

"As you please, poor Peter, but it will hurt me if you do. It will crush your heart and squeeze the love out."

He answered gruffly, "I know what I'm about."

"Only remember one thing from to-night. My work is taxing and I must have sight! I _must_!"

The clear moon looks in between the geraniums. On the wall, the shadow of the man is divided from the shadow of the woman by a silver thread.

They are eyes, hundreds of eyes, round like marbles! Unwinking, for there are no lids. Blue, black, gray, and hazel, and the irises are cased in the whites, and they glitter and spark under the moon. The basket is heaped with human eyes. She cracks off the whites and throws them away. They ricochet upon the roof, and get into the gutters, and bounce over the edge and disappear. But she is here, quietly sitting on the window-sill, eating human eyes.

The silver-blue moonlight makes the geraniums purple, and the roof shines like ice.

IV

How hot the sheets are! His skin is tormented with pricks, and over him sticks, and never moves, an eye. It lights the sky with blood,

and drips blood. And the drops sizzle on his bare skin, and he smells them burning in, and branding his body with the name "Annette".

The blood-red sky is outside his window now. Is it blood or fire?
Merciful God! Fire! And his heart wrenches and pounds "Annette!"

The lead of the roof is scorching, he ricochets, gets to the edge,
bounces over and disappears.

The bellying clouds are red as they swing over the housetops.

V

The air is of silver and pearl, for the night is liquid with moonlight.
How the ruin glistens, like a palace of ice! Only two black holes swallow
the brilliance of the moon. Deflowered windows, sockets without sight.

A man stands before the house. He sees the silver-blue moonlight,
and set in it, over his head, staring and flickering, eyes of geranium red.

Annette!



THE GREAT MERGER

(Exodus, Chapter XX.)

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Open Sea*, by Edgar Lee Masters

Philo, the worst has come,
All we foresaw and feared:
Delphos will soon be dumb,
Eleusis felled and cleared.

Not only Marduk and Bel
Shamash, Nana, and Sin
Are doomed to be swallowed. Rebel?
It is too late to begin.

They have worked for this merger for years;
They have bullied, lied and coerced.
They have played with curses and tears.
And now at last is the worst:

For Zeus goes into the bowl
Of Cyclops, thoroughly blended.
The brew is Jehovah, a Soul
Envious, sour, commended

And forced to our lips. His son
And another, the Holy Ghost,
Are mixed with him, there is none
Not stirred in the mixture and lost

Of the gods we loved. They say
There is only one god, not many.
Well, who knows, we of clay,
If there be a thousand, or any?

They say there is one--all right!
They take over all the rest.
And so there is one, we can fight,
Argue, pray and protest;

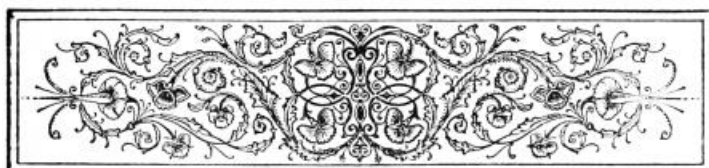
Set up a booth to Apollo,
Athenes; bawl and persuade.
The crowds no longer follow--
Jehovah has got the trade.

For the Jews have used the scheme
Of commerce for making a god:
A harbor where no trireme
But their own can dock or load.

Now who will come to dissolve
This theo-monopoly?
And the power they took devolve
On a mightier deity?

It will come. But as for Zeus,
Osiris, Ptah, Zoroaster,
They are stewed in the dominant juice
Of Jehovah, lord and master.

We accept the fate. We laugh.
The earth, the sea and the sky
Are at last the cenotaph
Of gods, who always die.



LOVE CONQUER'D. A SONG.

From The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Lucasta*, by Richard Lovelace

SET BY MR. HENRY LAWES.

I.

The childish god of love did sweare
Thus: By my awfull bow and quiver,
Yon' weeping, kissing, smiling pair,
I'le scatter all their vowes i' th' ayr,
And their knit imbraces shiver.

II.

Up then to th' head with his best art
Full of spite and envy blowne,
At her constant marble heart,
He drawes his swiftest surest dart,
Which bounded back, and hit his owne.

III.

Now the prince of fires burnes;
Flames in the luster of her eyes;
Triumphant she, refuses, scornes;
He submits, adores and mournes,
And is his votresse sacrifice.

IV.

Foolish boy! resolve me now
What 'tis to sigh and not be heard?
He weeping kneel'd, and made a vow:
The world shall love as yon' fast two;
So on his sing'd wings up he steer'd.



BALLATA E SESTINA DI COMMiato

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Isaotta Guttadàuro ed altre poesie*, by
Gabriele D'Annunzio

*.... su da la tenebra
crescea per l'arti de la maga tessala,
porgendo la man nivea.*

DIANA INERME.

BALLATA.

Ora è muto il selvaggio paradiso
già costumato a la tua signoria.
Dov'è la voce onde l'anima mia
e la selva tremavan d'improvviso?

Pavidi, in tra la selva umida e fresca,
correano a quella voce i cavriuoli.
Splendean miti ed umani
li occhi a l'ombra in guardarti; ed i figliuoli,
alti e biondetti, sen veniano a l'esca
de 'l cibo, come a 'l pan giovini cani.
Forte ridevi tu quando a le mani
i lor teneri denti
ti mordevan con piani incitamenti.
Tra la fronda eran queti li usignuoli
ed i frassini intenti
ascoltavan salire il dolce riso.

SESTINA.

Quando più ne' profondi orti le rose
aulivano per l'aria de la sera
e mesceasi a quel lor tepido fiato
sapor di miele da' pomari d'oro,
venne Isaotta un tempo a le mie braccia,
candida e mite quale a maggio luna.

Non sì dolce chinò li occhi la Luna
su 'l suo vago sopito in tra le rose
Endimion, tendendo ambo le braccia,
(splendeva il Latmo a la vermiglia sera,
cui bagnano i ruscelli in vene d'oro:
sol de' veltri s'udia l'ansante fiato)

com'ella sovra me. Caldo il suo fiato

io sentia su 'l mio volto, ed a la luna
vedea brillare la cesarie d'oro
cui cingevano i miei sogni e le rose.
Fulgida aurora a me parve la sera,
ne 'l cerchio de le sue morbide braccia.

Dolce cosa languir tra le sue braccia!
Dolce, languendo, bere il suo fiato!
Voci correa d'amor per l'alta sera;
e bramire s'udian cervi a la luna
da' chiusi, e Agosto a l'ombra de le rose
cantar soletto in su la tibia d'oro,

e a quando a quando, come in vaso d'oro
pioggia di perle, da le verdi braccia
de li alberi che misti eran di rose
le odorifere gomme ad ogni fiato
d'aura cader su' fonti ove la luna
piovea gl'incanti de l'estiva sera.

O donna ch'anzi vespro a me fai sera,
cui Laura è suora ne le rime d'oro,
deh foss'io, come il vago de la Luna,
addormentato, e alfin tra le tue braccia
mi risvegliassi e bere il tuo fiato
potessi ancora, in letto alto di rose!

Tu la Bella vedrai diman da sera
e a lei ricingerai le chiome d'oro,
canzon, nata di notte senza luna.



BALLADE DES MALSEANS PUCELAIGES

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *La Légende des sexes*, by Edmond Haraucourt

A Maistre François Villon, souteneur et poète.

Oncques n'amai la preude gent pucelle.
Servent à quoi? N'usent fors qu'en pissant.
Craignent toujours que rumpiez leur vesselle.
Tant l'huis d'amour que les tettes mussant,
S'en vont, nez bas comme barbet qui sent.
Du col aux mols, sont drapel et drapille.

Male heur sur vous si les touchez, disant:
«Ouvre ton caz qu'y boute une cheville!»

Or, Dieu ne fait le beau pour qu'on le cèle;
Fait pour monter femme et cheval de sang;
Pucelles fait, pour qu'on les despucelle;
Pour cent perthuis fait de bouchons un cent.
Lors, par despit, quand une ne consent,
Il sonne un pet sonnante comme trompille,
Et peu se fault qu'il ne clame en tançant:
«Ouvre ton caz qu'y boute une cheville!»

Mieulz vault Margot que Kathe de Vausselle:
Sade à chascun, hobe soubz tout passant.
Tousiours à dos pour qu'on lui grimpe en selle,
Huche au second quand le premier descend.
Sans cryz, sans plours, et ses cottes troussant,
Elle vous doint son oystre sans coquille
Et doulz, très-doulz, d'un fin det caressant
Ouvre son caz et boute la cheville.

ENVOI

Prince, si grant que soyez, et puissant,
Point ne rénez, si déboute une fille,
Quand requérez, votre Sceptre dressant:
«Ouvre ton caz, qu'y boute une cheville!»



THE CHASE

by Theodore Roberts

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *A Treasury of Canadian Verse*

Down the long lanes of Arcadie
My lady canters merrily;
The grain is bleaching in the sun,
The russet hickories confer,
And mounted on old Cheveron
With laughing call I follow her.

The maples stand in flaming red,
The sturdy brakes are sere and dead;
But still my lady canters on

Through field and wood and busy town,
And mounted on old Cheveron
I try to ride her down.

Through the long lanes of Arcadie
The crickets skip and chirp to me;
My lady's just 'round yonder bend,
Methinks I hear her call to me--
Methinks our chase is at an end
Through these long lanes of Arcadie!

Nay, still she canters down the lane
With floating skirt and loosened rein.
We've traveled all this summer land,
And still we mount and gallop on;
Sometimes she turns and waves her hand,
A challenge to old Cheveron.

Through all this land of Arcadie
She leads old Cheveron and me,
And how her good mount stands it so
Is really more than I can see;
The valleys now are white with snow,
Yet still we ride through Arcadie.

Old Cheveron has cast his shoes!
The Chase is up, my Lady Muse!



SI PARVA LICET COMPOSERE MAGNIS

Project Gutenberg's *Songs of Three Counties*, by Marguerite Radclyffe-Hall

IN the bowl of a shell
Sings the wonderful song of the sea,
All the ebb and the swell,
In the bowl of a shell.

In the heart of a pool
Drifts the fathomless smile of the sky,
All the clouds white and cool,
In the heart of a pool.

In the beam of a star
Shines the light of a far away world,
Out of space, dim and far,
In the beam of a star.

In the cup of a rose
Dwells the languor and passion of June,
Eager life, warm repose,
In the cup of a rose.

In the throat of a bird
Lives the message of God to His earth,
Lo! the mystical word
In the throat of a bird!



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